

THE CAVENDISH CHOIR

presents the

Second ANNUAL CONCERT

APRIL 15, 1946
at 8:30 P.M.

IN

The Masonic Temple



IRENE LINDSKOOG - - - - Accompanist
LEONARD BETTS - - - - Conductor

Assisting Artists:

CATHRYN ZENDER - - - - Soprano
WILLIAM SMITH - - - - Tenor

THE CAVENDISH CHOIR

FIRST SOPRANOS

Beth Baker	Marge Hammett
Peggy Berry	Claire Hollingworth
Betty Clement	Hilda Middleton
Vaurie Cox	Dorothy McLelland
Peggy Craven	Naomi Skinner
Margaret Doty	Mary Smith
Lottie Driscoll	Jean Toombs
Arlene Fleming	Muriel Yates

SECOND SOPRANOS

Derina Atkinson	Muriel Dyer
Mabel Betts	Gladys McBride
Marjorie Brown	Martha Shore
Doris Bull	Mary Willetts
Ivy Carter	

FIRST ALTOS

Jean de Boer	Eirlys Roberts
Myfanwy Laing	Jeanne Simpson
Noweta Morie	Vera Tatroe
Jessie Pirie	

SECOND ALTOS

Florrie Buckell	Vernus McLean
Grace Hatch	Elizabeth Robertson
Elizabeth Manahan	

USHERS

Bert Brochu	Lorna Kennedy
Dorothy Clark	Fay Roberts
Shirley Harriton	Evelyn Stanley

PROGRAMME

O CANADA

From the Green Heart of the Waters S. Coleridge-Taylor
(Nymphs' Song from "Ulysses")

Sound Sleep R. Vaughan Williams

A Legend of Granada Henry Hadley
(Words by Ethel Watts Mumford)

PART I.

Chorus

Down the lonely passes come the black bulls stamping,
Down to old Granada, by Jose's bright posada;
Hear their hurried tramping.
With them the vaqueros, full of chaff and laughter,
Songs and stories gay, bright'ning all the roadway.
Echoes laughing after.
There rides great Hernandez, handsome, brave and strong;
He whom Spain applauded, ev'ry bull ring lauded,
Rides the hills along.
Behind them storm-winds gather, all the moonlight clouding;
But lo! a light shines bright across the threat'ning night,
Across the low clouds shrouding.
It is the house of Jose, it is the festive Inn.
Voices sweet and light, that drift across the night,
Tell of the dance within.
O-he, O-he, vaqueros! Come tarry here awhile,
In old Jose's posada is laughter without guile.
O-he, O-he, vaqueros! Take shelter from the storm,
In old Jose's posada is wine and welcome warm.
O-he! the bulls fear thunder, Jose's corrals are strong;
Come join us, brave vaqueros, in wine and dance and song!
Oh come, Oh come, Hernandez, our Manuel Alle,
O doff thy cloak, Hernandez, and drink our wine and stay.

Hernandez

Oh fairest Senoritas, I may not rest or stay,
Afar in old Granada, one will not brook delay.
She waits for me, Conchita, she waits, my promised bride,
With sighs and tears of loneliness, till I am by her side.
Then fare you well, donzellas, the night may have alarms,
But I must forth upon the way, that leads to my love's arms.

Chorus

Alas! Alas! Yet heed, we pray; if from a Moorish tow'r on high
One calls to thee with bitter cry, Oh cross thyself, and go not nigh!
'Tis well to witchcraft fear; God keep thee cavalier!
Forth into the night he fares, Dark and wild alone,
Sudden winds call in the passes, dying to a moan;
Shapes of shadow, ghosts of sounds, elfin finger tips:
Still the Ave Maria rises to his lips.
Then a flash of light, where the black clouds low'r,
Loud and clear and high comes a frightened cry:

Solo

"Help me, in Allah's name!"

Chorus

There stands in ruined grandeur a riven Moorish tow'r.

Swift to help and strong to save, Hernandez breasts the steep,
 But ere the rocky height is won, there falls a numbing sleep;
 Horse and rider stark and still, where shadows gather deep.
 All things change to glamour, glow to colours fair,
 Sound of lute and cithern charming all the air.

PART II.

Gently come, softly, softly singing,
 Muffled drum, anklet gently ringing,
 Bringing frosty sherbets, Hookahs wrought of gold,
 Royal silken carpets loomed in days of old.
 Softly call Fatima from her tow'r,
 Brightly comes the rare and magic hour,
 Swiftly comes the rare and magic hour.

Hernandez

Lo, 'tis a dream,

A vision of delight, born of the storm and night,
 Of spacious halls and great, of pavements teselate!
 What music greets mine ears, of other lands and years,
 What waves of joyance roll about my drowsy soul?

Fatima

My Lord shall wake. With sweetest music rouse him.

Chorus

Let call the dancing girls, and bind their flowing curls.
 Their eyes are black and bold, their tinkling bells are gold.
 Now let them weave their wiles, to lure the Soldan's smiles;
 Bid incense and perfume burn in each carven room;
 Let silver lamps be bright, for joy shall reign tonight!

Fatima

Lord of my heart, love comes as wild winds blowing,
 We know not whence nor why, but hear its stirring cry,
 And marvel at its going, Lord of my heart!

Chorus

Love comes as breath of maiden o'er almond blossoms white,
 Sweet with the dawning light, with heaven's perfume laden.
 Lord of my heart!
 Love comes as simoon blowing and from it no man learns,
 Save that it blinds and burns: praise Allah for its going,
 Lord of my heart!

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Fatima and Hernandez

About my soul rose vapours roll, my heart is bound in chords of sound,
In bands of gold my will they hold. Oh dream of bliss! Oh breathless kiss!
There is no other life than this! My soul is thine. Ah!

Hernandez

My soul is thine, Oh bride of my dreams, Fatima!

Chorus

O sun, withhold thy splendor, Thy golden, roseate bars;
Hold close night's veil of purple, Oh wise and mystic stars!

PART III.

Chorus

From the magic sleep Hernandez slowly wakens;
'Mid the cries of vendors, laughing sabbath spenders,
Slow his eyes unclose, that now must see and weep.
The city's market place, the feast day of Madonna,
Yet all the folk is strange, and all has suffer'd change.
Sorrow and age have pass'd o'er each familiar face.
He cries, "I am Hernandez, him that ye loved of yore!"
They laugh, "He died, Hernandez, these twenty years or more!
Dead is the brave Hernandez, Granada's matador,
And his fair bride, Conchita, hath pass'd the convent door,
And his fair bride, Conchita, knoweth the world no more!"
Wide swing the great church portals, forth come the gray clad nuns:
Soft chanting comes Conchita among the holy ones.

Chorus of Nuns

Sancta Maria! Ora pro nobis,
Nobis peccatoribus nunc et in hora mortis.
(Holy Mary, pray for us, now and at the hour of death).

Hernandez

Forgive, forgive my love! A sinner calls to thee,
That we may hope to meet in Heaven!

Chorus of Nuns

Sancta Maria! In hora mortis nostrae, Amen!
(Holy Mary, in the hour of our death, Amen).

Hernandez

Conchita! pray for me!

Chorus of Nuns

Ora pro nobis, Ora pro nobis!

PIANO SOLO

Valse in E Minor Chopin

Lotus Land Cyril Scott

Irene Lindskoog

—INTERMISSION—

SOLO

Alleluja Mozart

Do Not Go My Love Hageman

Cathryn Zender

The Lord is My Shepherd Schubert

Bless the Lord, O My Soul Ippolitof-Ivanof

O Jesu Sweet, O Jesu Mild J. S. Bach

All in the April Evening Michael Diack

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SOLO

The Spirit Flower Campbell-Tipton
Hills La-Forge

William Smith

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Robin Adair Arranged by Percy Fletcher
Follow Me Down to Carlow Arranged by Percy Fletcher

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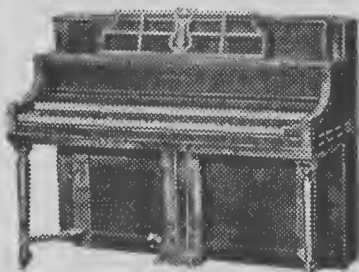


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